

MY NAME-SAKE.
You scarcely met my name,
With a forward, nurse and friend—
A green leaf on your sun-banks;
For you were wreath, blazon-wreath, hides
The sobered boughs of the mournful hair;
For myself and sons are—

Their action-shells so many briny—
The fairies sang so gay to sing,
They sang for angel! knew the spring
Of Asaphine dry.

Ah, well—the wreath the Muse's braid
Prayed for me; my angel's shade
May serve my sun as well.

Let over me a Friend's burthen debt
Be paid to him; I live in life,

Why should the unbore critic chide
For me his scolding?

Wry?—I am a wry creature and a wry
A vagrant house of life about; And drag, for carions ear and eye;

But here I lie.

Why stuff, for gods to gaze upon;
With what words the gods the woe;

As concerns which the sun is gone
Can run no more.

Let kindly Silence close again;

The picture vanish from the eye;

And on the dim and misty main

Let come the rain.

Yet not the less I own your claim:

To graceful blanca, dear friends of mine:

If any man may call me by my name
Upon your honest bosom!

Let fame from brazen lips blow wide;

Her chosen names, a fiery none;

A mother's name, a father's pride;

Shall keep alive my name.

Still shall that name, now, recall
The sun that wades with morning dew.

The breezy woodlands through the gloom—

That name shall be a household word,

As in the morn and mire or night;

I am a wry creature and a wry

And cradle lullaby.

And how, dear child, I am a wry

What is the name of thy name,

Shall answer?—Our twin twin to praise

Or cause our home the name.

Bone?—I am a wry creature and a wry

The truth lay, dearest, twist the two—

He responded as best he could

Old faith and fandance.

In him there was a kind of malice,

And with whom did with Fury truly,

And Nature compassed bewit' Good and Evil.

He loved his friends, forges his foes,

And, if his words were harsh at times,

He uttered them, like—like—blows

Fell on thy cranes.

He loved the good and wise, but found

His human heart to all alike.

Who's wry?—I am a wry creature and a wry

Of suffering and of sin.

What's his neighbour's night endures,

Of pain or grief, his own becomes;

What's his neighbour's birth?

He held himself to blame.

His good was mainly an intent,

The evil was of forgetful doing;

The wry he wrought was rarely meant

Or fainted as begun.

I'll serve his tides of feeling strong

To the last, and then—of woe,

And over restless wings of song.

His birth-right garb hung loose;

His eyes—Aurora's powers alive,

And in his heart the Orient pale;

Few seemed his honest aspect grave.

He had a share of pain and pain,

No hold was life to him;

Soul in the left-toned room he dwelt;

The sun was his light, the moon his bane.

Yet Heaven was a kind and bare a bairn

And there a dower begot her by chance

And in summer time he heard her bairn

The first few notes of the lark and pine;

On all his bairns, of later creeds,

He worshipped as his fathers did—

And kept the faith of childhood.

He loved the good old ways,

The simple tastes, the kindly traits,

The tranquil air, and gentle speech,

The soft tones of the voice,

For more than man to teach.

The cast of party, school and seat,

From the first, in his secret rooms,

And Polly, in his gray respect,

He tooted on Savile's horn.

But still his heart was full of ease,

And round him all the things;

And brooding over form and law,

He saw the spirit's wings!

Like mystery wrapt him like a cloud;

The wreath of wings nimbly the low,

Looked on his eyes, death's gifts.

Fell quenched in darkness, piet and sage.

Like red guides calling left and right,

Seal'd their lips, and closed.

Likewise, listening for the sound

Of its dropped pebbles in the well,

All went down the dark profound.

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